

8.0 A N *9.12*
E P I S T L E

To his G R A C E The
D U K E of G R A F T O N

W I T H
S T A N Z A's on the M A R R I A G E

O F T H E
P R I N C E of *W A L E S*

With the
P R I N C E S S of *S A X E - G O T H A*.

Pollio amet nostram, quamvis sit Rustica, Musam.

VIRG.

L O N D O N.

Printed for A. D O D D, near *Temple-Bar*, M D C C X X X V I.

Price One Shilling.

EPITOME

To his GRACE THE

DUKE OF GRAFTON

WITH

STANZAS ON THE MARRIAGE

OF THE

PRINCE OF WALES

WITH AN

PRINCESS OF SAXE-COBTUN

Polite and elegant, presents to the Duke of Grafton

Virgo

LONDON

Printed for A. DODD, near St. James's Park, M.DCC.LXXV.

Price One Shilling.



TO HIS GRACE

CHARLES, Duke of GRAFTON

Earl of *Euston*, and Baron of *Thetford*, Lord
Chamberlain of his Majesty's Household, one
of the Lords of the Privy Council, Lord
Lieutenant of the County of *Suffolk*, and Knight
of the most noble Order of the Garter.



WHILE much distinguish'd You, my Lord, support
Your Country's Int'rest, and adorn the Court,
While serving both with *Steadiness*, you stand
Esteem'd and honour'd in the Patriot Band;
In Shades obscure, far from my Sovereign's Eye,
BRITANNIA'S Bliss to celebrate I try.
Presuming that your Grace will not refuse
The Strains that flow from a most Loyal Muse,
Which, in four fatal Years, while Faction reign'd,
Despising Dangers, BRUNSWICK'S Cause maintain'd,

Whi

Which in difast'rous Times, when all around
 Dark low'ring Clouds, and threat'ning Storms were found,
 When our State Empiricks to *Gallia* fu'd,
 (Which *Marlb'ro's* conqu'ring Arms had *near* subdu'd)
 Basely consenting GLORIOUS WARS shou'd cease,
 And we submit to an *inglorious Peace*,
 Intrepidly oft ventur'd, in just Rhymes,
 To lash the Men who dar'd those flagrant Crimes,
 Against whom she with ardent Zeal inveigh'd,
 And trait'rous Deeds in Satire keen display'd;
 Setting the Guilty in conspicuous View,
 While H---Y here, and S---T J---N there, she shew;
 Nor stopp'd, till Heav'n, which saw approaching Woes,
 Blasted the Schemes of those intestine Foes,
 And gave us a Deliv'rance ^{wish'd} once more,
 As, by immortal NASSAW's Aid, before.
 Hence brightest Themes may now employ her Lays,
 While mighty *George* the *British* Scepter fways,
 Since He by all his Actions gains Renown,
 And Oliyes flourishing his Temples crown,
 Since oft our Ships to distant Regions go,
 Far as the Winds can drive, or Waves can flow,
 While Commerce is extended, by His Care,
 And we the Produce of all *Countries*, share.
 Since, free'd from Devastations, *Europe* owes
 To His judicious Conduct her Repose
 Since *Carolina*, Partner of the Throne,
 In every Virtue to excell, is known,

And

And on the Muses always deigns to smile,
 From which she's deem'd the *Pallas* of our Isle.
 Since fine Perfections to the Prince belong,
 Whose *Nuptials* are the Subject of my Song,
 Since He, (and what beyond can we desire?)
 In Goodness, Justice, emulates his Sire.
 Since in all Branches of the Royal Line,
 Something bespeaks an Origin Divine.
 Something so excellent we may descry,
 No Nation in the World with ours can vie.
 While on such Subjects here to write I aim,
 And from the truly Great some Favour claim,
 • Your Province 'tis,—nor can I doubt, my Lord,
 But you'll Protection to these Lines afford,
 Which at your feet, I Leave request, to lay,
 Who with profound Respect my Duty pay.

W. B.



And on the Muses always deigns to smile,
 From which she's deem'd the Patron of our life,
 Since fine Perfections to the Prince belong,
 Whole Wonders are the Subject of my Song,
 Since He, (and what beyond can we desire?)
 In Goodness, Justice, emulates his Sire.
 Since in all Branches of the Royal Line,
 Something betrays an Origin Divine.
 Something so excellent we may desire,
 No Nation in the World with ours can vie.
 While on such Subjects here to write I am,
 And from the truly Great some Honour claim,
 Your Province 'tis—nor can I doubt, my Lord,
 But you'll Protection to these Lines afford,
 Which at your feet, I leave request, to lay,
 Who with profound Respect my Duty pay.

W. B.



STANZA's on the MARRIAGE

OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS the

PRINCE of WALES

With the

PRINCESS of SAXE-GOTHA.

*Omnis in Hoc Uno variis discordia cessit
Ordinibus ; letatur Eques, plauditque Senator,
Votaque Patricio certant Plebeia favori.*

Claudian. *de Laude Stilic*

LONDON: Printed by E. CAVE, at St John's Gate.

STANDARDS on the MARRIAGE

OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE

PRINCE OF WALES

With the

PRINCESS OF SAXE-COBTUN

Omnis in Hoc Uno carnis discordia cessat
Ordinibus; statum Eques, plaudunt Senator,
Vetane Patria certant Plebis favor.

Claudius de Lando Scilicet

LONDON: Printed by E. CAVEL, at St. John's Gate.



S T A N Z A's

*On the MARRIAGE of the Prince of WALES
with the Princess of SAXE-GOTHA.*



Hene'er my Muse attempts to sing,

As noblest Themes require,

She knows not how to tune each String,

And strike the warbling Lyre.

Else she might sing a Princess bright,

In distant Climes well known,

Whose Virtues cou'd His Love incite,

• Who's Heir to *Britain's* Throne:

Which blooming Virgin, while He sues,

Regards his fair Demands,

What *Prince* so worthy cou'd she chuse

In any Foreign Lands?

C

The

The *KING* approves, the States unite
 With the most Solemn Voice,
 To testify their high Delight,
 And loud proclaim their Joys.

The destin'd Ships wide spread their Sails,
 To reach the *Belgic* Shore,
 And thence, by smooth auspicious Gales
 Much favour'd, waft her o'er.

For *VENUS*, who from *Ocean* rose,
 Where sometimes she resides,
 Stems every Wave that roughly flows,
 And safe each Vessel guides,

Now see 'em on the silver *Thames*,
 With Pendants loose in Air,
 While flow like *Cydnus*, glide its Streams,
 Their Burthen fond to bear.

When now its Charge the Yacht resigns,
 And *Greenwich* Tow'rs receive,
 The * Royal Welcome *HERVEY* joins
 With *MONTAGUE* to give.

Here

* Lord *Hervey* from the King; Lord *Robert Montague* from the Queen.

Here when th' illustrious Lovers meet,
 And here each other view,
 With melting Tenderneſs replete
 Their Looks their Paſſion ſhew.

That Tenderneſs and ſoft Deſire,
 Which in their Breasts thus riſe,
 Emanate quick, with humid Fire,
 In Glances from their Eyes.

How exquisite the Raptures are,
 Which now their Minds poſſeſs,
 Tho' to delineate I deſpair,
 True Lovers ſoon will gueſs.

While mutually within they burn,
 CUPID throws equal Darts,
 From both ſincere is the Return,
 Alike enflam'd their Hearts.

AUGUSTA's Face, ſee Charms adorn,
 Which Sweetneſs great expreſs,
 Each Grace too in her Mien, who's born
 Our Glorious Prince to bleſs.

When

The Sun darts from an Orient Cloud

Lustre in every Ray,

Brighter than usual, as if proud

Her Entrance to survey.

Annals record no Day like *this*,

Since the † Sev'nth HENRY wore

The ENGLISH Diadem,--- such Bliss,

Since *then*, ne'er known before.

To light his Torch HYMEN prepares,

And hails the wish'd for Day,

While every Breast is free from Cares,

And every Aspect gay.

The Nuptials now approaching near,

And the distinguish'd Night,

Faint since Description will appear,

Too rash, 'tis own'd, I write.

None, did such a Vein belong

As HERVEY's,---- like *His* flow,

^{Each} Lines that are, as *Dryden's* strong,

And *smooth*, as those of *Rowe*.

Prince *Arthur*, King *Henry* the VIIth's Son, married in 1501, since ~~which~~,
 ch there has not been any Marriage of any PRINCE OF WALES. See
inshead, ad annum.

Or I, like DODINGTON, excell
 In most enchanting Verse,
 The Splendour of that Night I'd tell,
 And all its Pomp rehearse:

Our sacred MONARCH, present there,
 And our Majestick Queen,
 I'd mention, and how charm'd They were
 With such a blisful Scene.

The † Royal Daughters justly might
 The raptur'd Muse inspire,
 In *Subjects*, they Esteem excite,
 In *Kings*, Love and Desire.

I'd next recite what glitt'ring Dames,
 In sumptuous Robes attir'd,
 Then in the Palace of St. *James*
 Attend, by Crowds admir'd.

What Youths of Noble Blood, with Pride,
 Then on the Bridegroom wait,
 What High-born Virgins on the Bride,
 With Transport I'd relate.

† The Princesses *Amelia* and *Caroline*.

FITZROY, who's for Love's Empire fram'd,

Where she'll resistless reign,

That radiant Maid ; shou'd first be nam'd,

In this gay sparkling Train.

Young LENOS too, of *Kindred* Race

To ^{mention} ~~name~~ I ~~would~~ presume,

In whom's renew'd fair RICHMOND's Face,

And all the BRUDENAL Bloom.

CANDISH, rich in Attractions rare,

FARMER, design'd for Sway,

Both rising Stars, Applause might share,

More Glories none display.

Each Virgin else, and Youth select,

In the refulgent Throng,

Shou'd from the Muse command Respect,

And dignify the Song.

To crown the whole, the Princely Pair,

I'd aim here to commend,

Whose Worth when I would most declare,

'Twou'd far my Praise transcend.

Each

Each of 'em eminently blest,
 With fine Endowments, HE ;
 With all that's delicate confest,
 In her own Sex, is SHE.

From *Them* I'd say, with Omens sure,
 An Offspring will descend,
 Whose Rule shall o'er these Realms endure,
 Till Time itself shall end.

Thus, from this Match, I wou'd presage
 How Hea'vn, to *Britain* kind,
 Has too, for every future Age,
 Blessings like Ours design'd,

Blessings of Plenty, Peace restor'd,
 Due to AUGUSTUS' Reign,
 With Liberty, for which the Sword,
 Was erst oft drawn in vain.

But stop, my Muse, and write no more;
 Since You've *this* Truth exprest,
 That you on Themes sublime can't soar;
 'Tis fit You here shou'd rest.

This Task so difficult, resign
 To the Learn'd Sons of CAM,
 Or those, on Isis' Banks, who shine
 With true Poetick Flame.

With Emulation quickly These
 Shall string their charming Lyres,
 And their melodious Numbers please,
 Whom Phoebus' self inspires.

From *Merlin's* Cave, and *Windsor* Hill,
 Shall echo too such Strains,
 As heretofore were wont to fill,
Arcadia's happy Plains.

Or in this Island, as of Old,
 When *Druids* us'd to rove,
 Their awful Myst'ries to unfold,
 They'd chaunt in every Grove.

Yet 'tis not strange, that such shou'd flow,
 Let 'em be e'er so fine,
 For where the Subject is,—all know,
 The Verse shou'd be—Divine.

